

SLINGSHOT



DOCUMENTING
A FALLEN EMPIRE

ABOUT OUR ORGANIZATION: AMPLIFYING PALESTINIAN VOICES

APV started in the height of international protests for Palestine in late spring of 2021. In April, Israeli police violently occupied the grounds of Al-Aqsa Mosque complex during Ramadan. In May, evictions began in Sheikh Jarrah, a predominantly Palestinian neighborhood in East Jerusalem. These moments, as well as a history of oppression inflicted by the Israeli occupation, united Palestinian organizations to strike back and continue the fight for their people and their homes. On May 10th, 2021, Israel launched an 11-day assault resulting in hundreds of deaths, and thousands injured and displaced. The uprisings during this time were called the “Unity Intifada” electrifying demonstrators all around the world into action. Palestinian resistance is “part of a long tradition of revolutionary political activity in which Palestinians have organized, with great courage and creativity, to fight Israeli colonization and apartheid.”² We see it every year, our eyes on Gaza and the West Bank. We watch as war criminals in office cross bold, red lines. Occupation followed by acts of resistance, followed by devastating repression, international protests, student solidarity encampments, electrifying more people, mourning more martyrs, until liberation.

THE LOCAL STRUGGLE

The fight for a free Palestine has strengthened the understanding that all of our struggles are connected. As the United States continues to strategize with and fund Israeli occupation, we cannot help but notice these connections and contradictions. We see real estate agents from Los Angeles sell stolen Palestinian land to settlers, as they are incentivized to evict tenants locally. As our communities struggle in the aftermath of natural disasters all around the country, the government cuts budget just to send billions to Israel. The people ask for the essential needs of living— lower

grocery prices, better work conditions, livable wages, healthcare, and funded education. Instead, we have hundreds of thousands filing for bankruptcy due to medical debt. The Department of Education’s workforce is halved, while higher education tuition increases. Our government funds mass deportations, exacerbating the strain on the economy even more. They continue to grow the incarceration system, and when the strain on the economy hits the hardest, they criminalize homelessness. This is nothing new for the United States, the watchdog of capital. The government continues to profit at the expense of the people and the planet.

MISSION STATEMENT

When we become conscious of our role in history and the significance of the social and political moment that permeates our lives, what will we do? Western imperialism, bankrolled and enforced by the United States and its allies, is the cause of destruction and abuse in many countries. We know that imperialism’s global work— war and occupation, exploitation of labor, ecological ravaging— is the quickest way for those in power to maximize profit. This is exactly why systems like capitalism, Israeli colonization, and apartheid, are violently protected even if it destroys life presently as it does our future. The institutions that work to maintain the system of capitalism aim to erase anything that deviates from its standards. They will try to silence student voices, sweep solidarity encampments, and erase our shared history and knowledge. In a system that evidently continues to infringe on our rights, it is vital to push back and to make noise, as we only have the rights that we are willing to defend.

What will we do for our future? When that oppression is so strong, the pollution of capitalism so thick, filling our lungs until it is difficult to breathe, we fight back against the forces that try to suffocate us. We fight against capitalism, imperialism, and occupation, through education, music, mutual aid. Through community, solidarity, and love. Through unions, organizing, strikes, and

“know your rights” workshops. Through amplifying marginalized voices, publishing magazines, and asking our community: how do you feel under the boot of capitalism and all the forces that keep it in place? The artists in this zine are made up of students, workers, organizers, and community members who will not stay quiet in the face of oppression. You will find that when we asked them to express how they felt under that boot, the response was not trapped or defeated. We were met with great determination and hope for a better future.

To our community and readers, we stand alongside you in the struggle. Thank you for being a part of this project and we hope for more to come as we continue to fight for the liberation of all people.

WITH LOVE, IN SOLIDARITY,
THE EDITORS OF SLINGSHOT MAGAZINE



1 AlJazeera, 2022 Jan 5 <https://www.aljazeera.com/features/2022/1/5/sheikh-jarrah-palestinian-family-faces-forced-displacement>

2 Salhab, Al-Ghoul, 2021 Nov 10, "Jerusalem Youth at the Forefront 2021's Unity Intifada", <https://merip.org/2021/11/jerusalem-youth-at-the-forefront-of-2021s-unity-intifada/>

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IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH

You don't believe in the Hannibal directive you don't want to hear about the detention centers filled with children you don't acknowledge the journalism done by Palestinians you don't notice the media's dehumanization of arab boyhood you won't accept criticisms of Empires you knew though didn't you you knew Gaza was a concentration camp before the genocide started you knew it was filled with children you heard of how checkpoints had regular beatings of teenagers you've heard of at least a few innocent families being kidnapped every year you want to blame hamas so much you want to claim hezbollah and iran's influence but don't you know every terrorist group is a response to interference don't you know that how to radicalize people in hating you is to kill their families cut their waters refuse their education keep them poor don't you know that I could have a citizenship to a land I've never been to just because of religion but my friends can't return to their homes because new occupiers decided it was theirs 'if I don't take it someone else will' do you know that Israeli prisons use rape regularly do you know how many centers of research from countries in the world how many journalists and activists have traced tracked recorded the violences but no no no god forbid we were to name these as colonialism because the christians and the muslims and the hindus can do empires but we we were always the victims we were never allowed citizenship we were the blamed for every tragedy we were the bullied the bullied the bullied so if you dare how dare you speak up if you dare admit that crimes are being done in the name of this faith then you are an erev rev a self hating a jew heck a fake jew your entire organization is filled with impostors no jewish person would ever dare criticize the saturated state of Israel not those who were against Zionism in 1948 not those during the nakba not even those during the intifada no no no no and no there have never been jews vocal about this there is no such thing as a jew that isn't in love with shakshuka henna hamsas the temple the culture the walls the

birthright trips the summer camps the collective denial no no no and no I'm telling you they did it it's their fault and if they didn't do it and we did it's because they deserved it and if they didn't deserve it then they supported someone who did and if they didn't support someone who did then it was preventive yay hurray we are the saviours of our people and hey now that I think of it Isn't this how
We started
DAYENU?

And if the Romans hadn't kicked most of us out and we didn't find homes in Spain and Portugal and the Maghreb and eastern Europe? DAYENU.

And if the Spanish and the Portuguese didn't have an inquisition that sent us to morocco Tunisia turtle island and created our crypto heritage? DAYENU.

And if the British hadn't colonized the promised land and let us only unite with the Palestinians while together we used to organize against them? DAYENU.

And if the UN had chosen Uganda or Argentina but instead Balfour went for the Partition of Palestine? DAYENU.

And if as the boats arrived and certain families welcomed us into their homes, we had built our own by their side? DAYENU

And if by moving into their displaced houses and using their kitchens and beds we would have let a few return and remend their nests? DAYENU

And if we had noticed our common histories and communed with Lebanon Egypt and Jordan rather than the US and not built our heritage on winning wars? DAYENU

And if we had tried to connect to the stories of the land while we were gone and not erase and oppress and repress them? DAY-
ENU

And if we had given everyone equal citizenship under the same state? DAYENU

And if we had stopped the expansion into the territories and

shepherded the land we already had?

DAYENU

And if we had acknowledged the demands of accountability by those who had been there before and 1948? DAYENU

And if we had asked in which ways we could share and cocreate these territories the seas the rivers the olive orchards and the culture together? DAYENU

And if we would have accepted that the ongoing Nakba was and is colonial and that we are not meant to uproot trees and give guns to across-ocean white teenagers? DAYENU

And if we sat down and listened to Palestinian stories from the romans, to before the british, to our arrival, to since, to hear about futurisms and learn and listen? DAYENU

And if we spoke together to the Jews of the world and remembered, we are here as lights, to hear and prepare, here as repairers, we sea entire universes in a single life, and we are semitic like our siblings, we are children under God, and we are lead by justice always and never intended to find legitimacy in wars and genocides. And if we created spaced, just for Jews and Palestinians, like encampments of hope and revolution, like movements of intersectional decolonialism, like redefining indigeneity like defeating Empire and blaming the American War Machine the European Economy and all the pillars of Capitalism-Imperialism-Colonialism-Patriarchy, that has oh so often and always benefitted from true antisemitism? And if we rebelled, against the Zionist lobbies, the supporters of mass weaponries, the christian-zio organizations the genocide-deniers the liberals the “neutral” the passives the complicit bystanders? If we held hands and breathed, shared candles and rituals, together, instead? Dayenu.

דינו די

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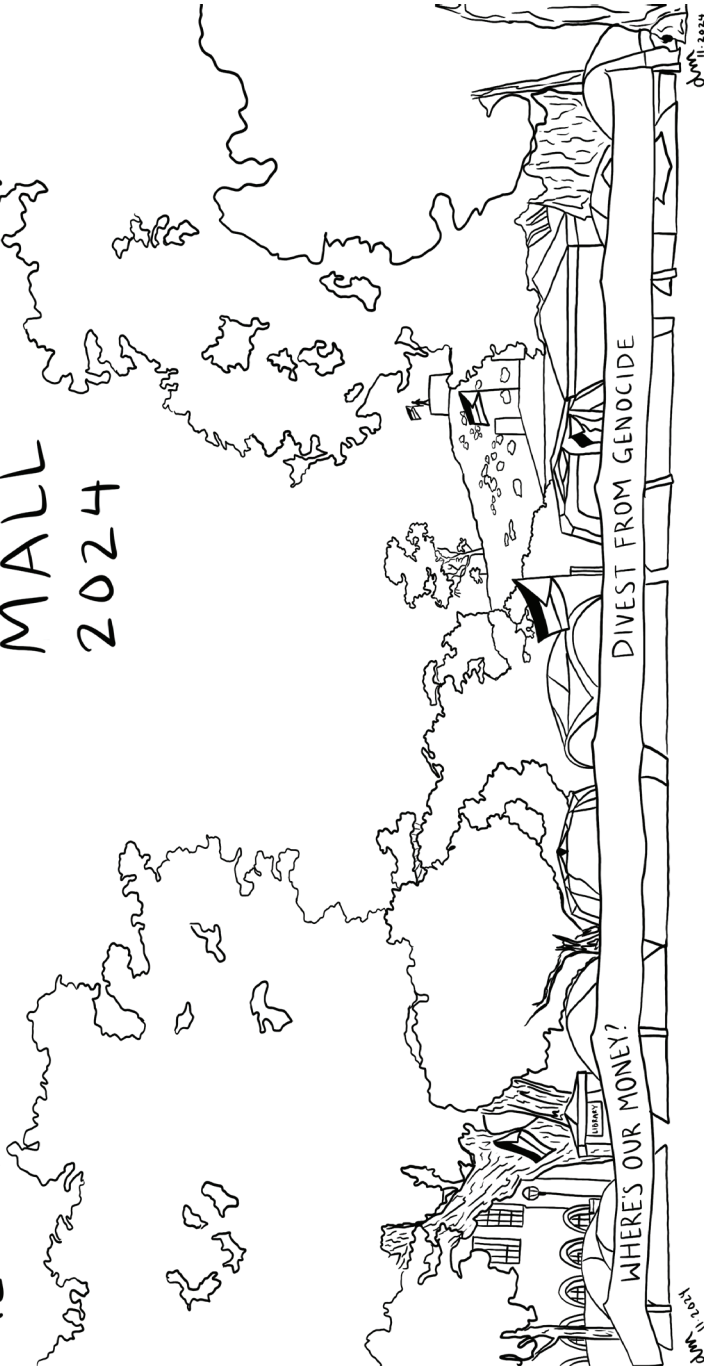
דינו דינו

WRITTEN BY ARI NAHMAN

דינו די

EDUCATE
ORGANIZE
RESIST

CSUCI
INTIFADA
MALL
2024



"INTIFADA MALL" By DOM MADERAL

ENCAMPMENT

My green and gray zone, a novel abode
And the flooring lit by summer moon glow
Through a woven thin screen,
Mosquitos squeezed in between
To reach me in my humble square home.
I name it novel, not to say I've never camped,
Or fed a hungry fire, or squinted under lamp,
Caught the rustle of trees,
The wall's whisper in breeze,
Known the warmth of morn sun's gentle hand.
But to say I'm tasked, by history's bloodied past
By martyrs, and dispossessed, and the rumble of mass
What this square represents,
The bombed cities of tents,
While mine was simply swept into the trash.
And now with it gone, like dust blown along,
I visit to lament my late haunt and lawn.
A beige square in its place
Within green and empty space,
A reminder of what we're willing to cause.

WRITTEN BY JADE STRIGFELLOW



BEREAVEMENT

in the strained air, in these streets
reminders of why we fight together
in a constant battle against cynicism
and isolation and depression and
you, four days ago, reminded me to fight
in my workplace, when passing sunset hills
a reminder of your bright and feigned smile
and i wish we could talk one more time
about how capitalism thrives on our loneliness
it cannot stand community, or solidarity
but it harshly continued, when you could not
so i cannot do much else but fight
i learned that, when backed into a corner
i learned to open doors, step and stride
alongside siblings across sea and border
alongside siblings who too felt the weight
and so we stepped into a current so strong
it moves and moves and i move along
and i fight for you and i fight and i
fight

WRITTEN BY JADE STRIGFELLOW

MOVEMENT

“Insights for the faint of heart” was the initial title.
My first published work, my second thought
Written for those who have made the revelation—
In fear and trepidation—
That the red star waits for no one.
I write to you, while I too lead with trembling hands.
They wait for no one, time and its sands,
They shake the ground and swallow up any holdings
For the red star is quick in its advance.
And the revolution is a tectonic plate, slow yet ever moving,
To soon upset and change
Mountains,
Continents,
The world.
A comrade reminded me fear will be the death of us.
Fear leads to stagnation and stagnation is unreliable.
The red star waits for no one, so liberation is undeniable.
My insight to you, to those faint of heart,
Those who are subdued, those we must impart:
Relinquish your view and take up the position.
The red star won’t wait for you, as you can’t wait for revolution.

WRITTEN BY JADE STRIGFELLOW

IMMINENT

flickering lights in a burnt out city
burgeoning with (new) growth and
new wealth, while most of us
count pennies to change lightbulbs and wait,
thirsty, for a leak to spring

...

“nObOdy wAnTs tO wOrK aNyMorE”

NO

NOBODY WANTS TO WORK ANYMORE

not for your war machines

not for your profit margins

we do not accept your conditions, your bullets,
your lies spoken through snarled lips, licking the blood
of children from the edges and foaming at the prospect
of a new port to harbor the spoils of war

NO

we are FED UP

not incapable

we are RIGHTEOUS

we will no longer sacrifice

this precious gift

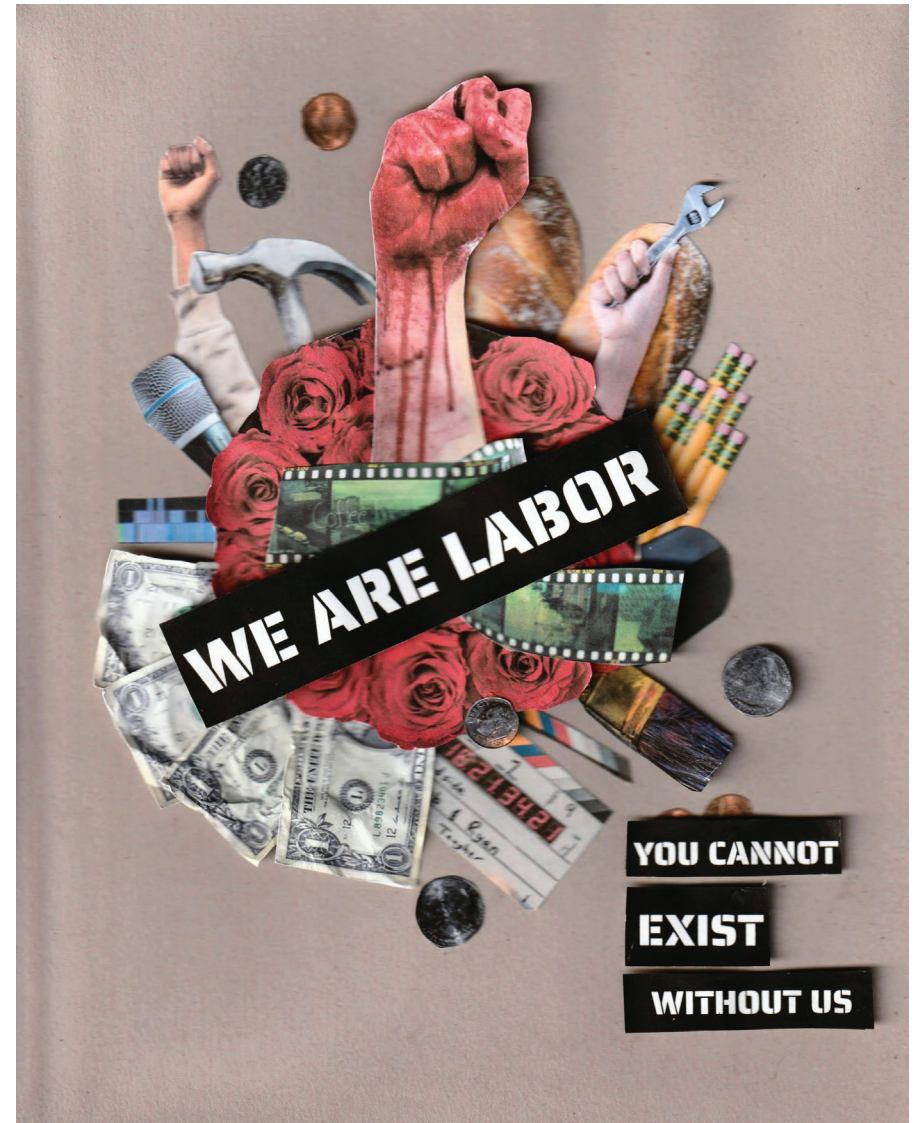
this divine iteration of energy

WE WILL LIVE

we believe

a better future is imminent

WRITTEN BY LYZ MEROLA



“FOR FRAN” BY KAY RUSSEL

“WE ARE LABOR AND WE STAND TALL. WE DEMAND RESPECT AND TO BE HONORED
FOR OUR CONTRIBUTION. YOU SHARE THE WEALTH BECAUSE YOU CANNOT EXIST
WITHOUT US.” - FRAN DRESCHER

THE OIL RIGS

I want to grab onto you with both hands
And rattle the dignity awake
That lies within

I want it to spill over like oil
The very commodity over which you toil
Days spent away from family

Days spent whipped around by the harsh sea
Spent tired working equipment sloppily
Through no fault of your own
I know you are overworked

Constantly flirting with peril
Watching those around you succumb
To workplace accidents
Despite this you embrace the same risks

You grow numb
You have a family to feed after all
That's just life on the oil rigs

BY SHAYNA STEINER



The illusion of choice keeps us silent as
Capitalism poisons our water, land, & air. How do
We continue the fight against those who have
Set out to destroy the Earth? We must organize
educate, & give land back to the original Indigenous
stewards. Colonization & capitalism are failed projects but
It is not too late for us.



"UNTITLED" BY DOM MADERAL

THE EGO AND THE BEAST

There are many ways to deconstruct the concept of empire, from the fine points of policy and conquest to the systems of race and dispossession that often enable it. From my perspective however, empire can be boiled down into two key components: the ego and the beast.

The ego is an immortal, determined thing which cannot be killed. That is because it doesn't belong to any one body. It is not shared — that would require a selfless quality, and empires by nature are designed to take more than they could ever give — but inherited. Passed down from one beast to the next. Ego rots but it never dies. And while it is not impossible for ego to exist in more than one body at a time, it will never do so peacefully. It must constantly be fighting itself, and all those who have rejected ego outright. It is a thing which is by nature constantly at war.

In contrast to the ego, which can never die, is the beast, which always does. The beast starts out like any other — as a body, one of the many, with no particularly special qualities to name. Most beasts would reject this fact. They would say they are actually better than the other bodies around them which is a lie. If they were to argue that they are more cruel, or more greedy, or more violent, or more stupid, perhaps they could make their case since that is ultimately what most beasts become (even though most do not start out that way). Yet beasts, so often seduced by the ego, see in themselves a status above the rest. A status that does not in fact exist and never has.

No one has more of a right to ego than anyone else, but in order for ego to live on, it must find a body and convince it that it does. In doing so that body — as average and like any other as it may have started out — becomes a beast, and the two become the foundation on which an empire can fester.

Because of the nature of this relationship, even when empires die, the ego still lives on. It is simply loaned out to the next great beast of its time, to be polished to a shining gleam. It sits pretty on the crown of that new beast, a beast that is likely thrilled at its surely well-deserved and god-given luck. Because beasts always believe there is something special about them, even though there never is.

The beast, in its newfound joy, will waste no time and throw lavish banquets and executions. It will decorate new walls with precious jewels and silks. It will place bodies at the gates and bodies in the corners and bodies right outside the window, out of sight. It will forsake the fruits of its own labor, meager but plenty enough, for the fruits of another's labor, abundant and seemingly endless. It will memorialize those it deems worth remembering in stone and throw those that aren't worth remembering out. The beast will enjoy a life so full that it suffocates all those around them who are forced to choke down its very presence.

Until, as it always does, the ego fades once again. It loses its color, turns rough as sandpaper, becomes rotted and sharp to the touch of those whose skin it

once caressed. Both ego and beast are parasites. The difference is the ego always was one but the beast becomes so over time.

Despite appearances, though, the ego's argument does not change. That same sickly sweetness, a voice dripping with the promise of endless fruit and walls that could never fall, continues to call out to the beast who was selfish enough to pick it up in the first place. The voice of ego, ever lovely, convinces that beast to throw the ghost of a long past dream over its body like a warm blanket over a corpse. The ego all the while stays atop its head, even as its appearance and rancid scent turn all who were once drawn to its glow away. Soon, at a table that was once crowded with allies and admirers and potential victims, only the beast remains, dining on what's left of the fruits of another unseen and now forgotten body's labor. Its hands turn stiff, like stone, unable to even skewer the flesh of that fruit and raise it to its dying lips. It sits, waiting for one of the bodies at the door, in the corner, or outside the window to feed it once more. It survives off of nothing but the memory of the fruit it once ate and — perhaps — the fruit it once even grew itself. And of course, the soothing comforts of the ego it still carries.

The ego, by design, divorces the beast from all others — its peers and its enemies and those it once called victim. Soon, it divorces the beast even from itself. Then once the beast runs out of fruit to eat and strength to polish its crown, ego abandons its host once again. It falls from the

head of a beast now at once both full and malnourished, weak and dangerous, but most importantly, completely alone. Then ego seeks out the next body to pick it up and set it atop its head. The old beast can do nothing but watch. Eventually, it will die within those same walls it once used to keep the fruit thieves in and the fruit bearers out.

And so on and so on. Of course, countless bodies die during this process besides the beast. Allies and admirers and potential victims. The fruit bearers and those that stole that fruit from them. The bodies inside the walls and the bodies outside of them.

There is one thing that the ego always seems to forget despite itself. Bodies left on stone and bodies left on soil are different. One is laid to rest in a coffin and the other in a bed. In the corners of the world, so much bigger than the walls that the ego and the beast once built together, are lives that don't die so much as change. They turn over like a coin in the hand, a page in a book, a season in a year. From that change, something new always grows. More fruits. More bodies. And among them may be another future beast, yes, the next bearer of that ancient and immortal ego. But in the absence of a crown is a mind unburdened. The ego is immortal but it is singular. Beyond it is a world that contains multitudes.

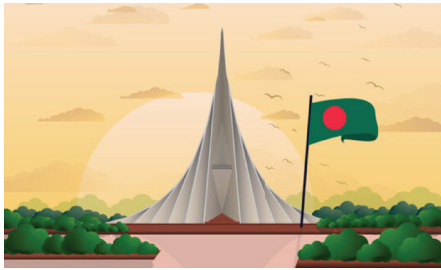
Surely evil has many faces.

But then again, so do we.

WRITTEN BY FALYAKON

PARALLEL STRUGGLES OF BANGLADESH AND PALESTINE

BY PREETHILA ZAMAN



Bangladesh's fight for liberation, independence, and self-determination began as a fight to speak our beautiful language of Bangla - nothing so uniquely and intimately preserves and sustains a people and their culture, values,

beliefs, and intellectual ideas as language, so to kill a language is almost equivalent to killing a people. But even as attempts were made to silence and destroy students with tear gas and gunfire, we have and will continue to remain steadfast in humanity's collective fight for full liberation for all with pure hearts and sound minds.



Historically rooted in the fight to speak our language is now a fight to speak out against a discriminatory government job quota and our truth as young people who have continuously been cast aside as good for nothings with no ambition, hope, or future when in reality

our dreams have been spat on and our flames of hope blown out. Yet our courage and vision for a brighter future have not been crushed as the students went out in hordes, displaying that the strength of the country lies in the youth, inspiring the rest of the country to join in support, and finally ousting a dictator

that ruled for more than a decade - this unprecedented move was brought about by none other than the same youth who were belittled, dismissed, ostracized, and disrespected. But now that we have shown our power, we will not back down. And neither will young people in



other parts of the world. We will not be ignored any longer. We will demand the rights we deserve and create a more just and equitable world beyond what has ever been thought possible.

The lack of historical nuance being recognized, the harshness of current realities being ignored, the stubbornness of a party that is so stuck in the past and blinded and corrupted by power, and the callous, inhumane actions of a government that eerily embody the tyranny it initially fought against as they attack the same



students whose valor and courage it has to thank for its very existence is beyond comprehension and antithetical to everything Bangladesh stands for and the country the freedom fighters

fought for. Justice for the students and the people.

FROM A REFORMED EUGENICIST TO THOSE STILL PRACTICING

my dog died when i was seventeen
he had cancer. i cried and then i stopped
the next day because he was just a dog
you're not supposed to get sad about dogs
he could have lived a little longer if he had
an amputation but my dad said it was not
worth it. his quality of life
his quality of life would be so diminished
it would not be worth it
to keep him alive
so we ethically lethally injected him
and the animal panic in his eyes
replaced itself with nothing
and i cried for a day
and then i stopped
because he was just a dog

when i was fourteen i met a friend
at summer camp, i met a friend
who had a scar that was vertical
to my horizontal
like the sign of the cross when
we hugged
he told me he was queer
and complained about insulin injections
and the type of people who get to be scared of needles
and wrote his phone number
in shitty handwriting on my t-shirt and
fell asleep on my shoulder
i didn't know boys could be queer
and then i told him i was too
he's not alive anymore
but i still am

his vertical to my horizontal

i don't know how old you were
i only know it was the day before
mama's birthday
and you gave her the couch that i'm
and you gave her the painting on the wall
that's technically government
property but
did you know my brother was bisexual?
mama is taking care of her artist friend
from back in the day
who is dying of the same thing you did
only 20 years later because
he got lucky
the treatments are very advanced now
that his friends are dead and he
can't hold a paintbrush
the treatments are very advanced
now so he got lucky
did you know he was actually bisexual?
(like you) mama doesn't say *(like you)*
i find both drivers licenses on
the desk, photos taken just a couple years
apart and i can trace the sickness easily see
this culling thing defining my life
with(in) yours,
with/out you
and the reason we wouldn't meet
and the way i've felt you missing all my life
and how to quantify that ache?

*You'll find the vulnerable will fall by
The wayside*

i cried for a day
and then i stopped
because he was just a dog

*They'll get infected, they'll get hospitalized,
And some will die*

he's not alive anymore
but i still am
the vertical

*It's not going to be this
to my horizontal
Tsunami of cases that we've seen*

my dad said he could have lived longer
but it was not worth it

The vulnerable will fall by the wayside

the way i've felt you missing my whole life
and how to quantify that ache?

Some will get infected

i was twenty-one and then twenty-two
i didn't get very sick the first time or
the second
hug my new radical queer friends
and get on the bus and wipe my nose
and certain i'm on the right side of
history or something

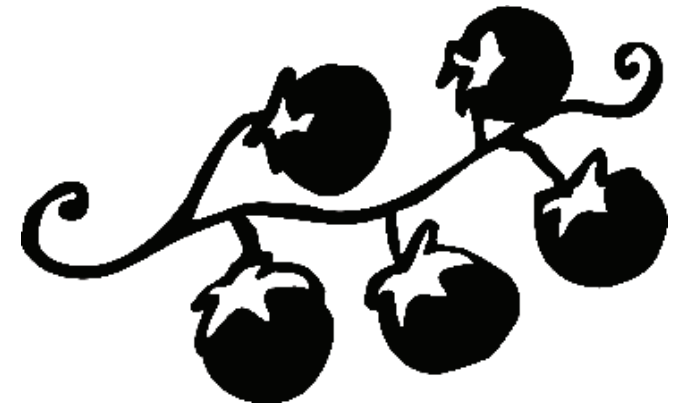
(are you positive?)
the performativity of a softcore stay-at-home

order test negative expired cold soup grocery
store delivered food online school okay i'm fine
just kind of tired
i don't know why
my lips are blue.

*You'll find the vulnerable will fall by the wayside
Some will get infected
And although you'll find
The vulnerable will fall*

*It's not going to be
It's not going to be
It's not going to be
Some will die
But it's not going to be*

WRITTEN BY JACK O'MAHONEY
OF THE SANTA BARBARA MASK BLOC



AS THE PANDEMIC RAGES ON,
THEY **SACRIFICE**
OUR LIVES TO KEEP
THE WHEELS OF PROFIT TURNING.



OUR LIVES
ARE INTERCONNECTED.
WE CANNOT ABANDON ONE ANOTHER.

"MASK UP" BY K



ARTWORK BY JUNAID KATOR

MIDNIGHT SUN LIGHT POLLUTION

Wondering as I stare off into sky,
Do I gaze upon the midnight sun
Or light pollution?
Soon I think
Uncertainty is the only certain here
While I miss a home I've seen not once
Drifting into dark always, repetitively
Annihilate my sorrows, always repeating
But cease I must
I pick myself up, I know death is no option
Prepared a treaty with the saboteur inside me
We shook hands this week
We can't change the world but we can set it on fire
Every idea they taught me, that I won't entertain
Every idea and every image scorching
60 flames per second
Scorching with the same fire as the stars, the suns of other worlds
that
I know I never have to
journey too far to see
With the same fire that lives in all of us
and burns brighter in love and in loss
When that fire encapsules the controlling hand gripping the
globe,

I want it seen from the stars by whoever waits for us there
So the dreams of every friend who was crushed by the sickness of
these systems
I won't weep for again, for now I know
Their dreams have had life breathed into them once more
And no matter how bleak the night appears to be
I will remember the midnight sun
and march forward toward electric light muddled horizon
Sure of the future that waits

WRITTEN BY WILL GEYER





"UNDESTROYED" & "KEWPINTIFADA" BY
SIERRA DE ANDA

repression is a **choking hazard** and now is a good time to collecting physical media

A human is a hollow thing. Malleable metal with a heart that expires, and eventually ceases to sing.
Disposable robots composed of not enough ones, and none at all zeros.
There must be a way for a fleshy thing to cope with being stuffed full of wires.

One might start by crawling out of their skin through tiny holes where the screws and the steel fail to meet. Into a corner-of-the-room cardboard box of crap, things like porn mags and prescription pills. WD-40, or whatever superficial solutions can apply to a computer repair.

Maybe instead, you could put on the tv something that vaguely resembles a movie.

But channels 1-99 are feature-length children's fables.
Planes piloted by militant heroes screaming GOOD GUYS UNCLE SAM GOOD UNCLE SAM DEFEATING UNCLE SAM EVIL STORIES ABOUT DEFEATING EVIL AND DEFENDING UNCLE SAM DEFENDING CEREAL MILK UNCLE SAM FROM THE UNCLE SAM BAD GUYS UNCLE SAM BAD GUYS HUMPTY DUMPTY CEREAL MILK VICTORY SAM

Humpty Dumpty was not a fractured anthropomorphic egg.
He was a siege cannon, too cracked for the king's horses and men to put back together.
Weaponry turned nursery rhyme.
That knowledge feels entirely no good.
You think too much about stuff like that and stare at the static for much longer than you should.

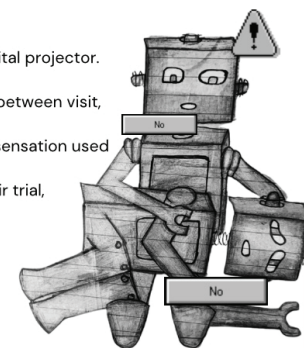
As if the projectionist that lives in the back of your brain was robbed of the film reels necessary to keep you sane and he's scrambling to restart each scene as the last one ends, in a panicked effort to keep you entertained.

It makes him confused and powerless and small and smallness grows in circles until a human is a nothing-at-all.

CDs VHS VINYL DVDs
Desperately shoving them all into the ejector.
They say he is soon to be replaced by a poorly-constructed digital projector.

When humanity remembers to pay its hardware a few-and-far-between visit, It is reminded of the tangible nature of its flesh and of itself.
Fingertips have burned a bit and now there's scar tissue where sensation used to live.

Be certain that your humanity is true, and your efforts worth their trial, even if relief passes through you, only once in a while.



By KNI J

Dear Reader,

I wanted to give a special thank you for taking the time to read, flip-through, or gaze through our zine. This zine took a year and one month to complete for no other reason than I am a master procrastinator and indesign is quite hard to learn. I apologize to anyone who was expecting an expedited delivery, I hope you still enjoyed it. This zine could not have been possible without the help of many comrades! Thank you to Connor and J for working with me on editing, reviewing, and the design process. Thank you to Ian who wonderfully created our cover. Thank you to my wonderful friend Blake for drawing the various illustrations that you can find within the zine. And a huge, massive, humongous thank you to everyone who submitted work. It was a great honor to read and review everyone's submissions.

I hope you enjoy it!

With love, Sara

